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of the City of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and

Baltimore.

Book and Job Printing

PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

POETRY.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

The following beautiful lines were embodied in the
Report of Dr. OLIVER WESTON HOLMES, who was
chairman of the Ploughing Match at Benkshire,
Massachusetts, at the recent Agricultural celebra-
tion in that County:

Clear the brown path to meet his scythe's gleam!

Lo, on he comes behind his smoking team!

With tolls his bright dew-drops on his sun-burnt

forehead.

The lord of earth, the hero of the plough!

First in the field before the reddening sun.

Like a shadowy giant, the ploughman's form

Lines after lines along the burning furrow

Mark the broad acres where his feet have trod!

Full where he stands the shadowy clouds divide.

The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide;

And mellow and dense the tangled turf upheaves:

Mellow and dark the rich cornfield cleaves.

Up the steep hillside where the ploughman's team

Scuds the long track that scores the level plain:

Through the misty valley, gleaming with cooling clay,

The patient oxen drag his destined way.

At every turn the ploughman's hand is seen

Swinging ploughshare circles gleaming round,

Till the wide field one billowy wave appears.

And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

There are the hands whose sturdy labor brings

The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings!

This is the rugged ploughman's lot: he sows

Changed by the sun to waves of living green;

This is the scholar whose immortal pen

Spells the long lessons hunger taught to men;

These are the lines, O heaven-commanded toil,

That fill thy deed—the charter of the soil!

O, glorious Mother, whose benignant breast

Wakes us to life and lulls us to all rest,

How sweet thy features, kind to every clime,

Mock with thy smile the wrinkles of Time!

We stain thy flowers—they blossom o'er the dead;

We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread.

O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn,

Waves the green plumes of the winged corn.

Our maddening conflicts cease thy fairest grain,

Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.

Yet, O Mother, while uncounted charms

Round the fresh clasp of thine embracing arms,

Let not our virtues in thy love decay.

And thy fond weakness waste our strength away.

No! by these hills, whose banners, now displayed,

In blazing colors, and the sinking spear,

Last to dissolve, and first to disappear,

By these our ploughmen's banners shall be seen.

And fields in silence the winged corn shall tell

Tens to their home these faithful arms shall tell

To crown with peace their own untold toil:

And true to God, to Freedom, and to Man,

Let the ploughman's banner fly o'er the land.

These sturdy forms, that bending even now,

Bowed their strong manhood to the humble plough,

Shall rise erect, and stand in the same right hand,

Till Greylock thunders to the parting sun

The sword has rescued what the ploughman won!

THESE STORY TELLERS.

[Written for the Oxford Democrat.]

DORA DEVOE.

CHAPTER I.

"I never saw a form before

Of such unworldly loveliness."

"My son," said Col. Leigh as he entered the

antique room, where at a manly and

fine-looking youth, deeply absorbed in the

contents of a book, "I have made a discovery to-

day, which I think will be of great interest to

you. You have sometimes heard me allude to

the personal appearance of your mother. Here,

he continued, drawing forth from his bosom a

small locket, of very peculiar description, and

opening it, "is a picture of her taken at twen-

ty."

The young man sprang up with great quick-

ness, and seizing the picture from his father's

hand, held it eagerly to the light.

"This my mother?" exclaimed he, "can it be

possible? How beautiful she was!" he pursued

pressing the inanimate picture to his lips in an

ecstasy of admiration.

"Yes, Vivian, and the original was even fair-

er than the resemblance, though that is ex-

actly as art could make it; was the reply in a

tone of deep sadness, which, however, was not

noticed by the other.

"But how and where did you find this pic-

ture?" inquired Vivian, his eyes still riveted up-

on the picture. "I am quite sure I never saw

this before."

"It was a discovery of Margaret's. She

found it carefully wrapped up in a bundle of

papers that had belonged to, and were de-
posited in a secret drawer of the old desk she used to occupy."

"Vivian made no reply, but continued scruti-

nizing the picture before him with emotions of

surprise, delight, and admiration. And well

might he regard it with admiration, for it was

a loveliness of no common order which the pic-
ture had represented. An oval face, finely im-

parted, arched eyebrows, and features of

faultless symmetry, combined to show that

the original had possessed attractions of no ordi-

nary character. Added to these, there was a

life and animation thrown over the whole counte-

nance, as it were, which imparted an irresistible

charm to the whole. An acute observer might,

perhaps, have detected an air of conscious pride

in the expression of the face, and more particu-

larly in the curve of the neck, not altogether in

keeping with the idea of meekness and femi-

nine.

gentleness, which her style of beauty seemed pec-

uliarly designed to convey.

Such thoughts, thought Vivian, had been in

his mind when he had seen the picture for the first

time. He had a faint recollection of a faint re-
semblance to his mother! He had a faint recol-

lection of her, yet so faint, he was sometimes

clung half constrained to believe it was only

some illusion of the brain. Still he had to

the remembrance with wonderful tenacity—

to him the name of mother had always been

hallowed, and he even had associated with it

ideas of a sacred and elevating character.

"How happens it," said Vivian, at length,

"that you have never before alluded to this

circumstance? I did not know there was

even a picture of my mother in existence. By

what mischance was your mother so long of its

possession?"

An expression of pain passed over Col. Leigh's

features, and he bent his head for a moment in

deep thought.

"It was by my own command, Vivian, not by

any mischance, that this picture has been so

long hidden from my sight. You are surprised,

perhaps, he continued, noticing Vivian's sud-

den start, "that I did not preserve such a me-

morial with greater care; but there were cir-

cumstances connected with the original of this

picture which rendered it extremely painful for

me to look upon it."

Vivian regarded his father earnestly as he

spoke, and when he had concluded, said—

"Father, there is a palpable mystery connect-

ed with my mother's death, which I have long

desired, yet never dared ask you to solve. You

have always avoided my inquiries concerning

her death, and kept me in almost utter igno-

rance of her history. Why is this, father?"

"Have I not a right to know anything about

her?"

"It may be, Vivian," replied Col. Leigh, after

a pause, "and perhaps I have infringed upon

that right in keeping you ignorant of her fate

so long. But you will not censure me for my

silence, when I have told you all. The past has

been a dark volume to me, and it is no pleasing

task to turn over its pages, inscribed as they are

with the record of so many sorrows. Besides,

I could not bear to uncover to your gaze the

errors of a being who was once very dear to

me, and whom your imagination had invested

with the attributes of perfection. I could not

bear to dissipate the bright dreams which you

had associated with the name of mother, and

reveal to you the painful truth that she whom

you had unconsciously learned to regard as lit-

tle else than an angel, was a weak and erring

creature. But the fearful history may teach

you a profitable lesson, and if so, I shall not

regard the pain it recital will cost me. I was

once, continued Col. Leigh, in a sudden

dash, "a thoughtless, reckless, almost dissipa-

tate. You are surprised, perhaps, but sor-

rows have passed over this head, and furrowed

this brow, which extinguishes forever the spark

of natural gaiety."

"When I first saw your mother, she was a

beautiful girl of eighteen. Though her devel-

opment had not attained to so perfect a de-

gree as when this picture was taken, which was

three years afterwards, she was yet a most fasci-

nating creature. She was the only child of

wealthy parents, and had received from them,

as a natural consequence, every species of in-

dulgence. Her beauty and the prominent sta-

tion which her father occupied in society, had

confirmed in her mind, from infancy, the

idea of her own superiority. Here it is," con-

tinued Col. Leigh, drawing from his bosom a

crumpled and time-worn parchment which he

handed to Vivian. "Read it for yourself."

Vivian seized the note with involuntary eag-

erness, and unfolding it quickly, and with a

heart and edging voice, read as follows:

"I write this, Father, to bid you farewell for-

ever. My heart is another's, and I know you

can love me no longer. Do not attempt to dis-

cover my place of retreat, for I solemnly assure

you, all search will be fruitless. When you re-

ceive this, I shall be far away, and you will

never see me more. My sweet babe accompanies

me—I could not abandon that. I leave Vivian

to your care. You will not spare him for the

sake of his erring mother. Farewell."

F. T.

Vivian returned the letter in silence, and

with visible emotions. Col. Leigh wiped the

large drops of perspiration which had gathered

on his yet handsome forehead, and after a brief

pause resumed his melancholy recital.

"Had a thunderbolt fallen at my feet, I could

not have been more astounded than when I read

this letter. It was a feeling of utter bewil-

derment, and a dizzy swimming of the brain,

but the rest is a blank to me. I can re-

member no more till I found myself a wasted

and emaciated being on the brink of eternity,

just emerging from the darkness of insanity and

delirium. But Providence did not see fit to ter-

minate my sufferings here. I recovered slowly,

but for a long time a cloud seemed to envelop

my mental faculties. I fancied myself awak-

ing from a horrible dream. I could not per-

ceive myself that she whom I once idolized, had

forgotten her bridal vows, had violated the sa-

cred duties of wife and mother, and deserted

me for a base and scheming villain. But I was

compelled at last to admit the dreadful reality.

It crushed and humbled me to the very dust.

Had death smitten her from my arms while

she lived, I might have bowed more resignedly to

the stroke, for a native sense of religion would

have sustained me, and mingled the alleviating

balm of hope in the cup of affliction; but to

be thus deceived, deserted, the object of my

dearest affections not only lost to me, but to her-

self! I fancied that I discovered some trace of

her retreat. But in vain. Once or twice I

tried to follow her, but I was soon lost; and as week

after week and month after month passed away

without bringing me any intelligence of my

wife, I began to despair of ever beholding

her again. At length I reluctantly gave up my

fruitless search. I found the villain had

provided too surely against discovery. But

it was impossible for me to remain longer at

the home which her absence had made desolate.

I left the city, and with you for my sole com-

panion, because for many years a wanderer—

at length I grew tired of this mode of living,

and with the remains of my once extensive pos-

sessions, I purchased this abode. The rest of my

history is known to you."

"And did you never learn her subsequent

fate, father?" inquired Vivian, as Col. Leigh

concluded his narrative.

"No, my son. I have always spoken of her

as lost, and allowed you to infer that she is

dead. And I have no doubt but that she is in

her grave, for a child's conscience is a sure de-

stroyer."

Vivian sighed and drew his hand slowly

across his wet eyes. "My poor, dear mother,"

he said, as again he looked upon the lovely im-

age of her who had so deeply loved him, "but

father, you have told me nothing about this lock-

et."

"That locket, Vivian, was your mother's ear-

liest gift. For several years I wore it in

ers in the western country are making barrels of flour of light weight. The fact is that every barrel of flour should

